TOMB OF DRACULA

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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 MAGAZINE OF FEAR!

HE STALKS THE LORD OF DARKNESS WITH HIS DEADLY SILVER STAKE!

AND NOT EVEN DRACULA CAN STOP HIM!

"BLOODLUST FOR A DYING VAMPIRE!"

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA™

BLOOD-RUSH!

HIS VAMPIRIC POWERS RAPIDLY BEING DRAINED ...HIS IMMORTAL LIFE QUICKLY COMING TO AN AGONIZING AND SEEMINGLY PERMANENT END--

--DRACULA, LORD OF DARKNESS, PRINCE OF EVIL, HAS TRAVELLED TO THE CITY OF BOSTON, IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, IN THE COUNTRY OF THE UNITED STATES...

...TO SEARCH FOR AND STOP THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR SUN--THE LIVING BRAIN-ORGANISM WHO HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SYPHONING OF DRACULA'S POWERS.

IN BOSTON, THE VAMPIRE LORD FOUND HIS WAY INTO THE APARTMENT OF HAROLD H. HAROLD, A FREELANCE WRITER OF, COINCIDENTALLY, TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES. IT WAS IN THIS CROWDED STUDIO APARTMENT THAT DRACULA FINALLY COLLAPSED FROM WEAKNESS.

YIPES!

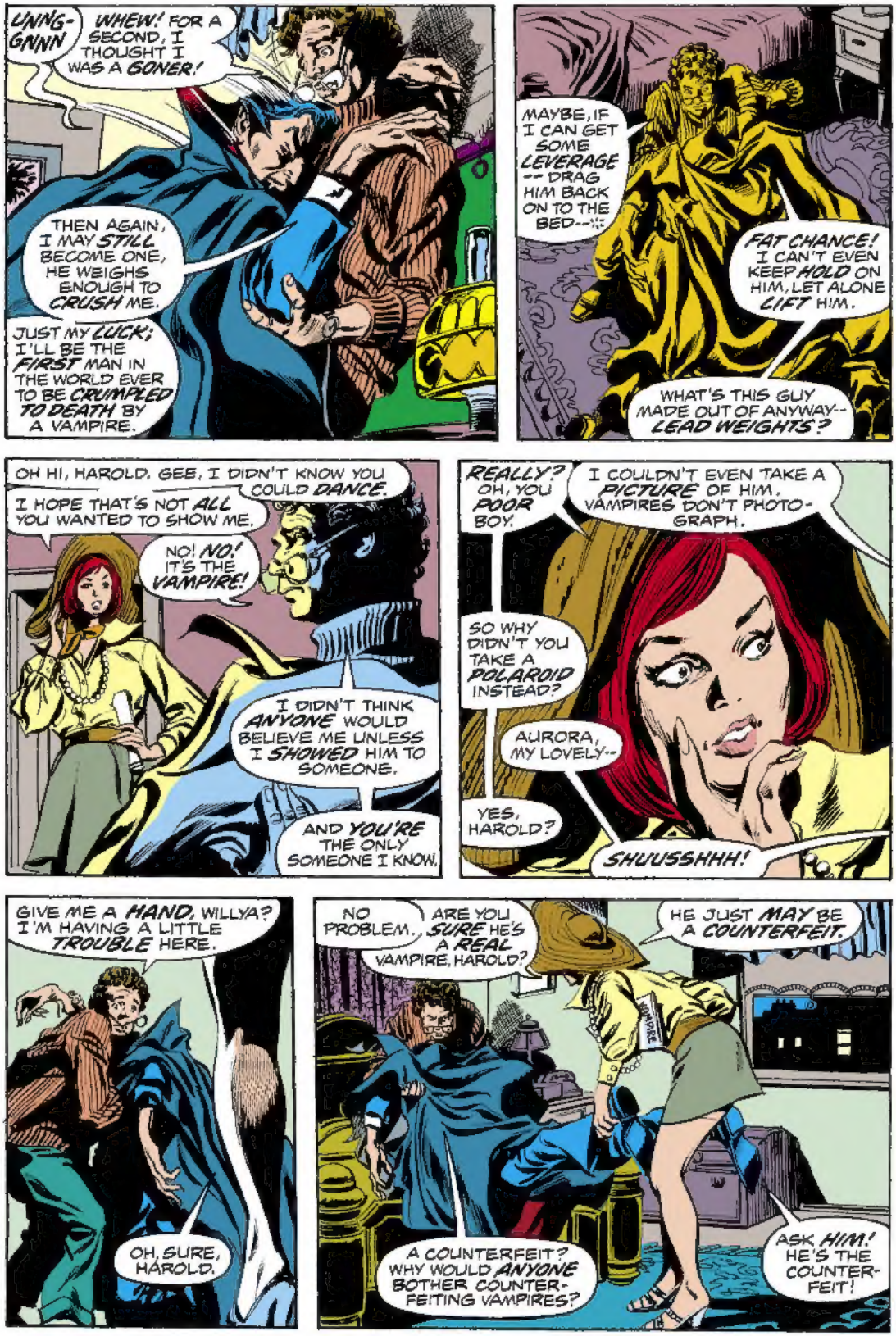
WHAT DO I DO NOW--?

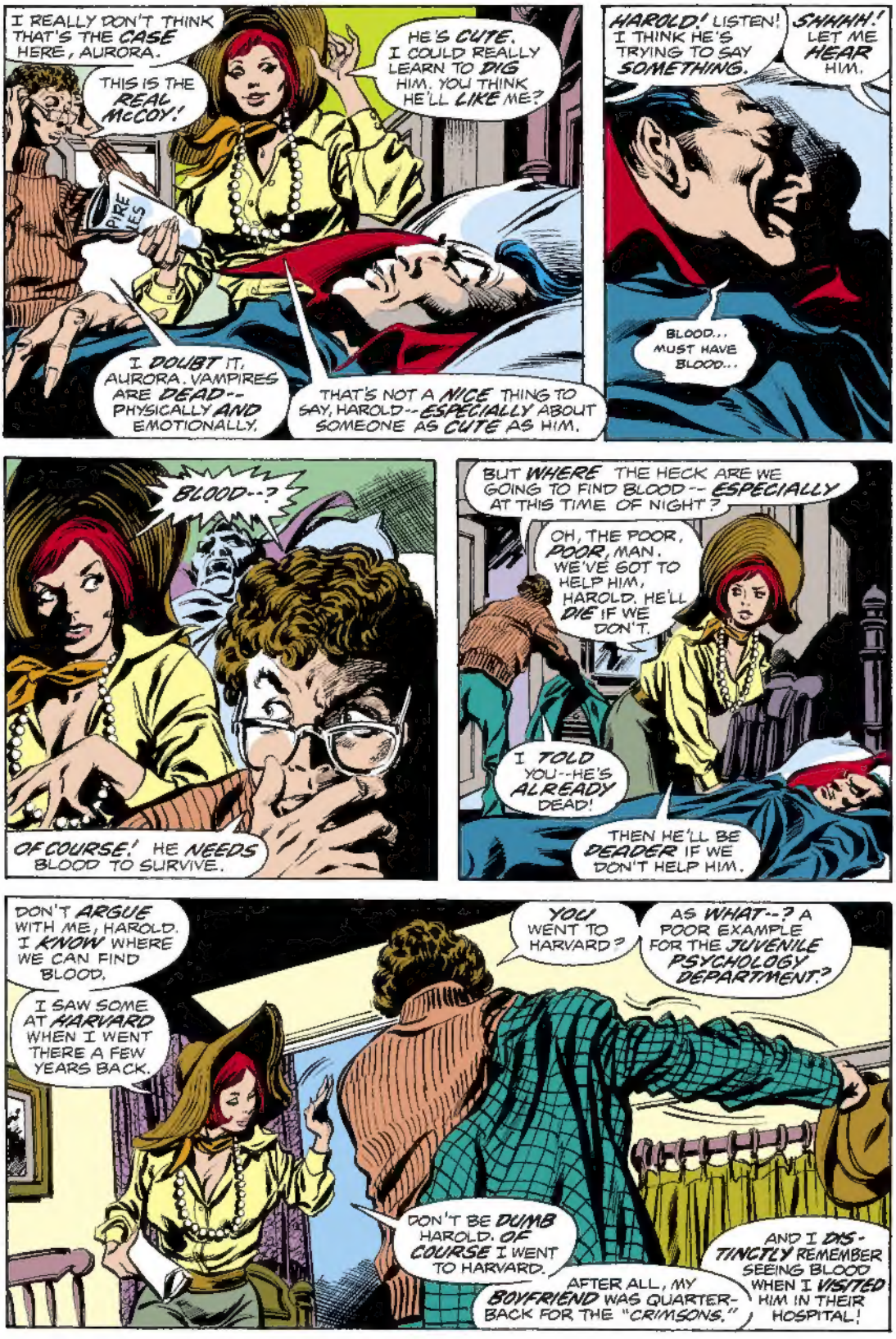
MEANWHILE, THE TROUBLED WRITER OF VAMPIRE LORE IS WAITING FOR THE LOVELY AURORA RABINOWITZ (SECRETARY TO HAROLD'S PUBLISHER, MR. GREADELY) TO COME TO HIS APARTMENT AND TO HELP HIM DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH THE VAMPIRE ON HIS BED.

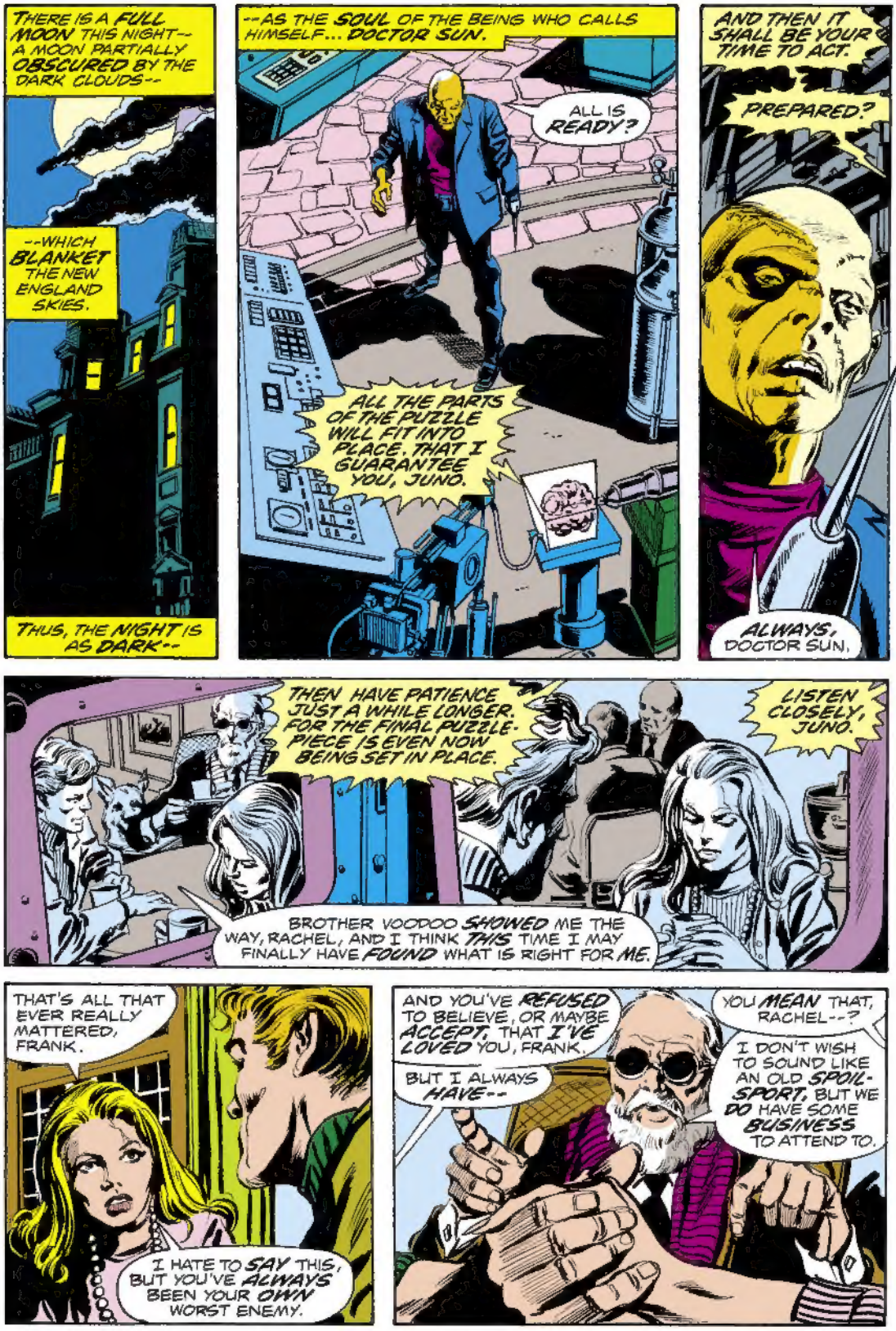
HAROLD WAITS IMPATIENTLY, AND DOESN'T REALIZE UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE, THAT DRACULA IS NO LONGER UNCONSCIOUS!*

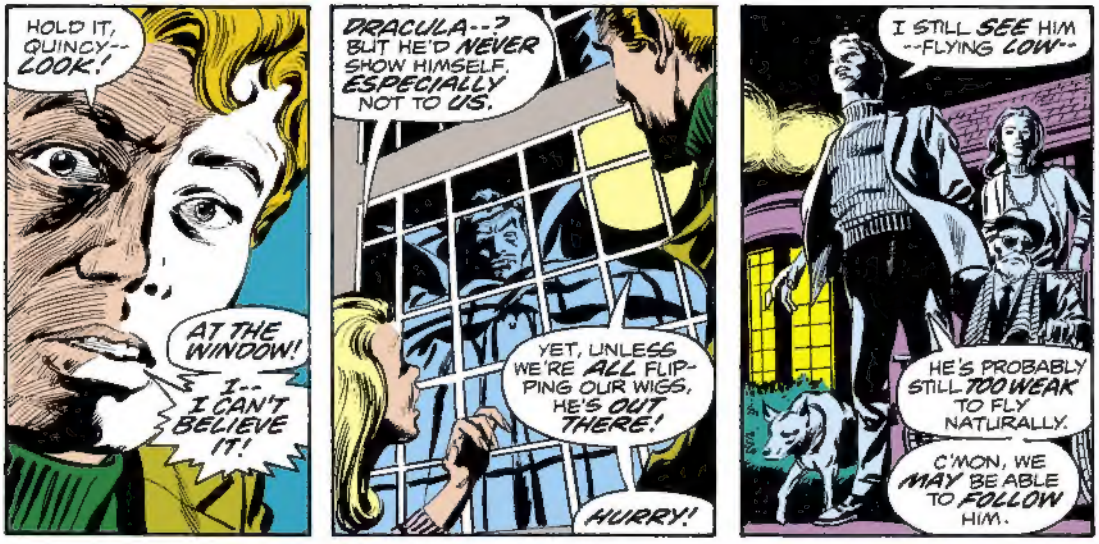
A QUESTION SOON TO BE ANSWERED BY:
MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR
GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA letterer / TOM PALMER colorist

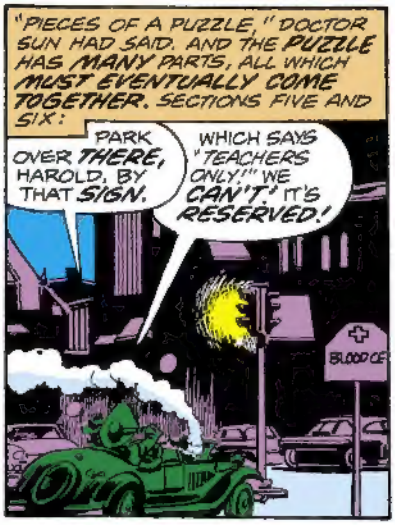
*THE ABOVE RECAP IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF JOHN COSTANZA WHO RETURNS THIS ISSUE AS T.O.D.'S LETTERER HOPE YA STAY, J.C. --MARV.

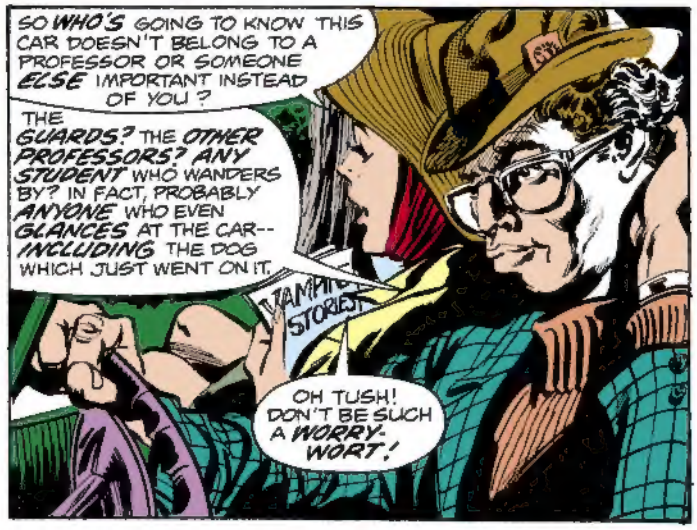

UNNG-GNNN
WHEW! FOR A SECOND, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!
THEN AGAIN, I MAY STILL BECOME ONE, HE WEIGHS ENOUGH TO CRUSH ME.
JUST MY LUCK; I'LL BE THE FIRST MAN IN THE WORLD EVER TO BE CRUMPLED TO DEATH BY A VAMPIRE.
MAYBE, IF I CAN GET SOME LEVERAGE -- DRAG HIM BACK ON TO THE BED--
FAT CHANCE! I CAN'T EVEN KEEP HOLD ON HIM, LET ALONE LIFT HIM.
WHAT'S THIS GUY MADE OUT OF ANYWAY-- LEAD WEIGHTS?
OH HI, HAROLD. GEE, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD DANCE.
I HOPE THAT'S NOT ALL YOU WANTED TO SHOW ME.
NO! NO! IT'S THE VAMPIRE!
I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE ME UNLESS I SHOWED HIM TO SOMEONE.
AND YOU'RE THE ONLY SOMEONE I KNOW.
REALLY? OH, YOU POOR BOY.
I COULDN'T EVEN TAKE A PICTURE OF HIM. VAMPIRES DON'T PHOTO-GRAPH.
SO WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE A POLAROID INSTEAD?
AURORA, MY LOVELY--
YES, HAROLD?
SHUUSSHHH!
GIVE ME A HAND, WILLYA? I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE HERE.
OH, SURE, HAROLD.
NO PROBLEM.
ARE YOU SURE HE'S A REAL VAMPIRE, HAROLD?
HE JUST MAY BE A COUNTERFEIT.
A COUNTERFEIT? WHY WOULD ANYONE BOTHER COUNTER-FEITING VAMPIRES?
ASK HIM! HE'S THE COUNTER-FEIT!


I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S THE CASE HERE, AURORA.
THIS IS THE REAL McCOY!
HE'S CUTE. I COULD REALLY LEARN TO DIG HIM. YOU THINK HE'LL LIKE ME?
I DOUBT IT, AURORA. VAMPIRES ARE DEAD-- PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY.
THAT'S NOT A NICE THING TO SAY, HAROLD--ESPECIALLY ABOUT SOMEONE AS CUTE AS HIM.
HAROLD! LISTEN! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING.
SHHHH! LET ME HEAR HIM.
BLOOD... MUST HAVE BLOOD...
BLOOD--?
OF COURSE! HE NEEDS BLOOD TO SURVIVE.
BUT WHERE THE HECK ARE WE GOING TO FIND BLOOD -- ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
OH, THE POOR, POOR, MAN. WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM, HAROLD. HE'LL DIE IF WE DON'T.
I TOLD YOU--HE'S ALREADY DEAD!
THEN HE'LL BE DEADER IF WE DON'T HELP HIM.
DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, HAROLD. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND BLOOD.
I SAW SOME AT HARVARD WHEN I WENT THERE A FEW YEARS BACK.
YOU WENT TO HARVARD?
AS WHAT--? A POOR EXAMPLE FOR THE JUVENILE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT?
DON'T BE DUMB HAROLD. OF COURSE I WENT TO HARVARD.
AFTER ALL, MY BOYFRIEND WAS QUARTER-BACK FOR THE "CRIMSONS."
AND I DIS-TINCTLY REMEMBER SEEING BLOOD WHEN I VISITED HIM IN THEIR HOSPITAL!

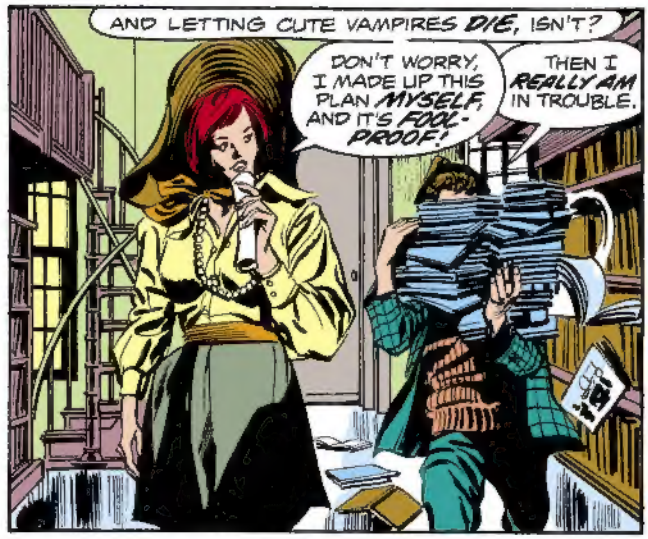

THERE IS A FULL MOON THIS NIGHT-- A MOON PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY THE DARK CLOUDS--
--WHICH BLANKET THE NEW ENGLAND SKIES.
THUS, THE NIGHT IS AS DARK--
--AS THE SOUL OF THE BEING WHO CALLS HIMSELF... DOCTOR SUN.
ALL IS READY?
ALL THE PARTS OF THE PUZZLE WILL FIT INTO PLACE. THAT I GUARANTEE YOU, JUNO.
AND THEN IT SHALL BE YOUR TIME TO ACT.
PREPARED?
ALWAYS, DOCTOR SUN.
THEN HAVE PATIENCE JUST A WHILE LONGER. FOR THE FINAL PUZZLE-PIECE IS EVEN NOW BEING SET IN PLACE.
LISTEN CLOSELY, JUNO.
BROTHER VOODOO SHOWED ME THE WAY, RACHEL, AND I THINK THIS TIME I MAY FINALLY HAVE FOUND WHAT IS RIGHT FOR ME.
THAT'S ALL THAT EVER REALLY MATTERED, FRANK.
I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR OWN WORST ENEMY.
AND YOU'VE REFUSED TO BELIEVE, OR MAYBE ACCEPT, THAT I'VE LOVED YOU, FRANK.
BUT I ALWAYS HAVE--
YOU MEAN THAT, RACHEL--?
I DON'T WISH TO SOUND LIKE AN OLD SPOIL-SPORT, BUT WE DO HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

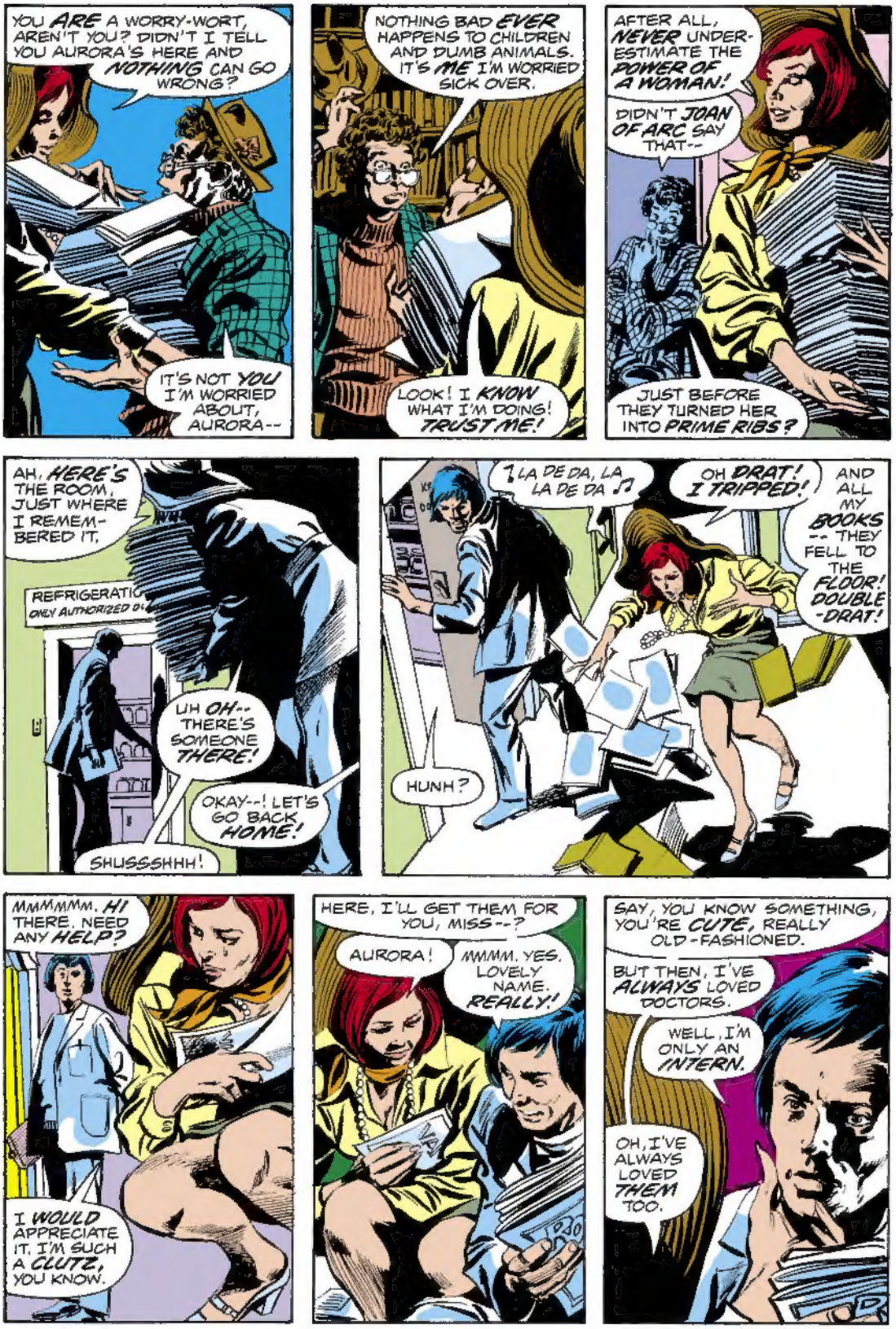

HOLD IT, QUINCY-- LOOK!
AT THE WINDOW!
I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
DRACULA--? BUT HE'D NEVER SHOW HIMSELF. ESPECIALLY NOT TO US.
YET, UNLESS WE'RE ALL FLIPPING OUR WIGS, HE'S OUT THERE!
HURRY!
I STILL SEE HIM --FLYING LOW--
HE'S PROBABLY STILL TOO WEAK TO FLY NATURALLY.
C'MON, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIM.


"PIECES OF A PUZZLE," DOCTOR SUN HAD SAID. AND THE PUZZLE HAS MANY PARTS, ALL WHICH MUST EVENTUALLY COME TOGETHER. SECTIONS FIVE AND SIX:
PARK OVER THERE, HAROLD. BY THAT SIGN.
WHICH SAYS "TEACHERS ONLY!" WE CAN'T! IT'S RESERVED!
BLOOD CE

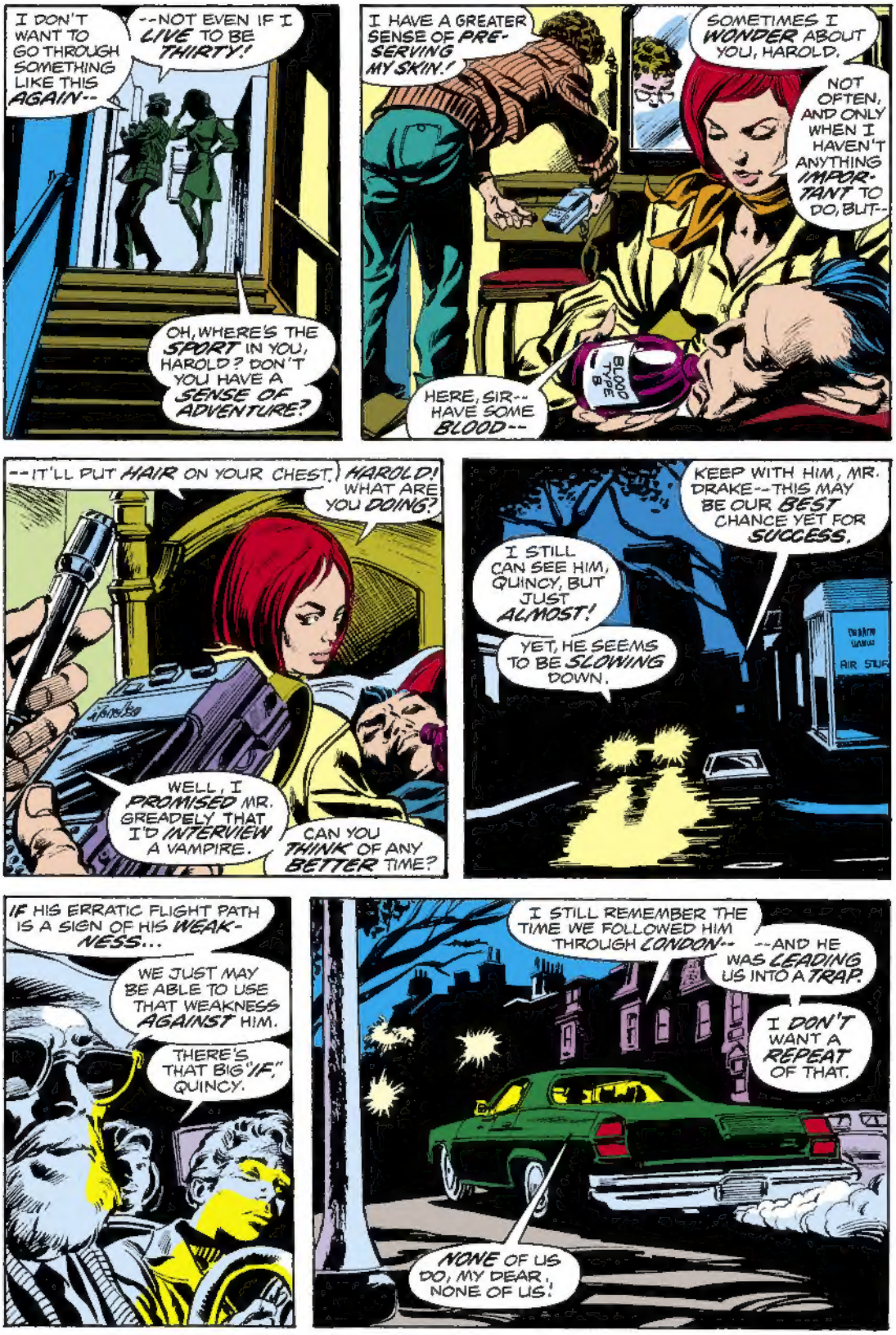

SO WHO'S GOING TO KNOW THIS CAR DOESN'T BELONG TO A PROFESSOR OR SOMEONE ELSE IMPORTANT INSTEAD OF YOU?
THE GUARDS? THE OTHER PROFESSORS? ANY STUDENT WHO WANDERS BY? IN FACT, PROBABLY ANYONE WHO EVEN GLANCES AT THE CAR-- INCLUDING THE DOG WHICH JUST WENT ON IT.
VAMPIRE STORIES
OH TUSH! DON'T BE SUCH A WORRY-WORT!

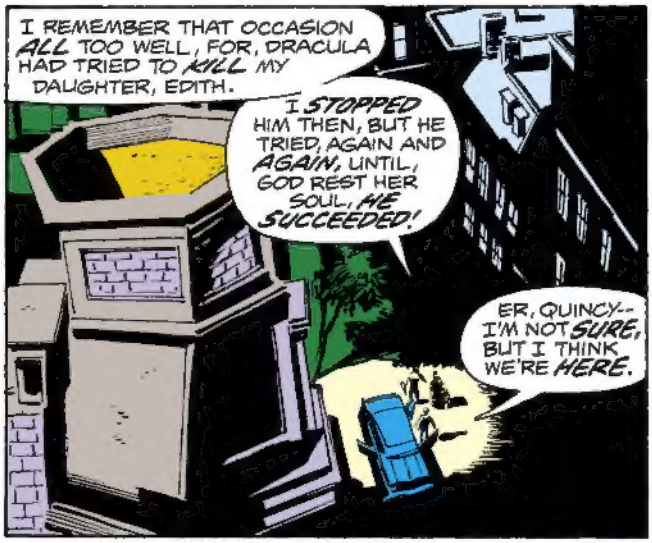
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO, AURORA. IF YOU DON'T WE COULD BE IN FOR BIG TROUBLE!
STEALING BLOOD'S A CRIME.

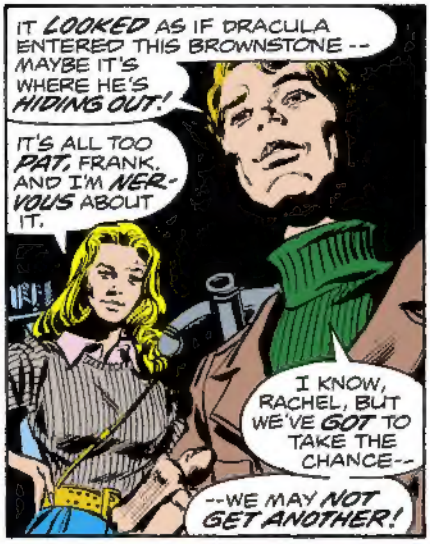

AND LETTING CUTE VAMPIRES DIE, ISN'T?
DON'T WORRY, I MADE UP THIS PLAN MYSELF, AND IT'S FOOL-PROOF!
THEN I REALLY AM IN TROUBLE.

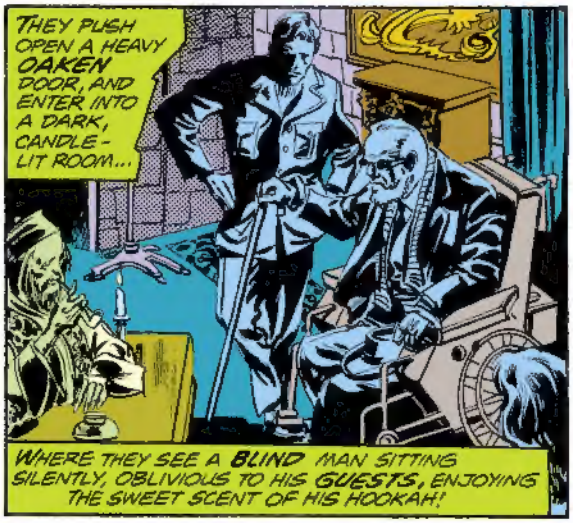

YOU ARE A WORRY-WORT, AREN'T YOU? DIDN'T I TELL YOU AURORA'S HERE AND NOTHING CAN GO WRONG?
IT'S NOT YOU I'M WORRIED ABOUT, AURORA--
NOTHING BAD EVER HAPPENS TO CHILDREN AND DUMB ANIMALS. IT'S ME I'M WORRIED SICK OVER.
LOOK! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! TRUST ME!
AFTER ALL, NEVER UNDER-ESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN!
DIDN'T JOAN OF ARC SAY THAT--
JUST BEFORE THEY TURNED HER INTO PRIME RIBS?
AH, HERE'S THE ROOM, JUST WHERE I REMEMBERED IT.
REFRIGERATI
ONLY AUTHORIZED
UH OH-- THERE'S SOMEONE THERE!
OKAY--! LET'S GO BACK HOME!
SHUSSSHHH!
LA DE DA, LA LA DE DA
OH DRAT! I TRIPPED!
AND ALL MY BOOKS -- THEY FELL TO THE FLOOR! DOUBLE -DRAT!
HUNH?
MMMMMM. HI THERE. NEED ANY HELP?
I WOULD APPRECIATE IT. I'M SUCH A CLUTZ, YOU KNOW.
HERE, I'LL GET THEM FOR YOU, MISS--?
AURORA!
MMMM. YES. LOVELY NAME. REALLY!
SAY, YOU KNOW SOMETHING, YOU'RE CUTE, REALLY OLD-FASHIONED.
BUT THEN, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED DOCTORS.
WELL, I'M ONLY AN INTERN.
OH, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THEM TOO.

YOU MEDICAL TYPE PEOPLE REALLY CAN MAKE MUSH OUT OF A HELPLESS GIRL LIKE ME.
OH WOW!
MMMMMM--YOU'RE JUST SO CUTE. I CAN'T STOP WANTING TO SMOTHER YOU.
SAY--WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING--
--IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES? I CAN ARRANGE TO BE ELSE-WHERE WITH YOU IF YOU WANT TO.
NOW WHAT, BRIGHT EYES?
THIS PLACE FEELS LIKE THE INSIDE OF AN ICE CREAM CONE, BUT WHERES THE--
AH--THERE IT IS.
BLOOD TYPE B
BLOOD TYPE O
WHOOPS! I THINK I'VE GOT A PROBLEM!
FIGURES! I DON'T KNOW HIS BLOOD-TYPE! A--? B--? O--? WHAT?
OH WELL,-- "EENEY, MEENY, MINEY, MOE--"
HEY! SOMETHING'S INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR--!
DOR CLOSED
CRASH
I DIDN'T SEE ANY-ONE, HAND-SOME. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A MOUSE.
IN A HOSPITAL?
SO, IT'S A SICK MOUSE. YOU CAN NEVER TELL.
BUT WHY ARE WE TALKING ABOUT MICE FOR?
I FEEL LIKE SMOTHERING YOU, AGAIN.
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, IT WAS REALLY NICE MEET-ING YOU, DOCTOR. BYE!
BUT... I THOUGHT ... I--
I--?
?


I DON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THIS AGAIN--
--NOT EVEN IF I LIVE TO BE THIRTY!
OH, WHERE'S THE SPORT IN YOU, HAROLD? DON'T YOU HAVE A SENSE OF ADVENTURE?
I HAVE A GREATER SENSE OF PRESERVING MY SKIN.!
SOMETIMES I WONDER ABOUT YOU, HAROLD.
NOT OFTEN, AND ONLY WHEN I HAVEN'T ANYTHING IMPORTANT TO DO, BUT--
BLOOD TYPE B
HERE, SIR-- HAVE SOME BLOOD--
--IT'LL PUT HAIR ON YOUR CHEST.
HAROLD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WELL, I PROMISED MR. GREADELY THAT I'D INTERVIEW A VAMPIRE.
CAN YOU THINK OF ANY BETTER TIME?
KEEP WITH HIM, MR. DRAKE--THIS MAY BE OUR BEST CHANCE YET FOR SUCCESS.
I STILL CAN SEE HIM, QUINCY, BUT JUST ALMOST!
YET, HE SEEMS TO BE SLOWING DOWN.
IF HIS ERRATIC FLIGHT PATH IS A SIGN OF HIS WEAKNESS...
WE JUST MAY BE ABLE TO USE THAT WEAKNESS AGAINST HIM.
THERE'S THAT BIG "IF," QUINCY.
I STILL REMEMBER THE TIME WE FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH LONDON--
--AND HE WAS LEADING US INTO A TRAP.
I DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF THAT.
NONE OF US DO, MY DEAR. NONE OF US!

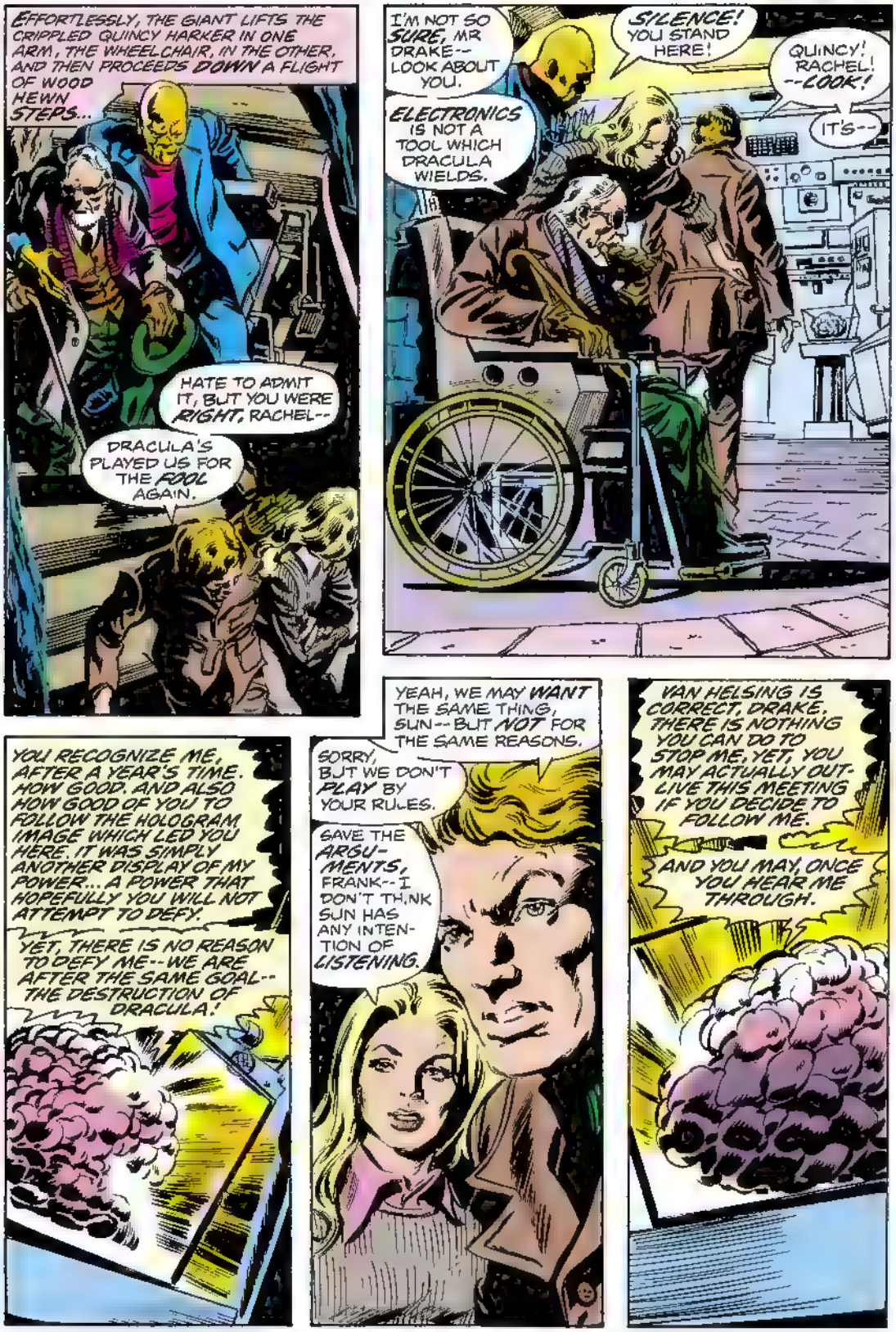

I REMEMBER THAT OCCASION ALL TOO WELL, FOR, DRACULA HAD TRIED TO KILL MY DAUGHTER, EDITH.
I STOPPED HIM THEN, BUT HE TRIED AGAIN AND AGAIN, UNTIL, GOD REST HER SOUL, HE SUCCEEDED!
ER, QUINCY-- I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK WE'RE HERE.

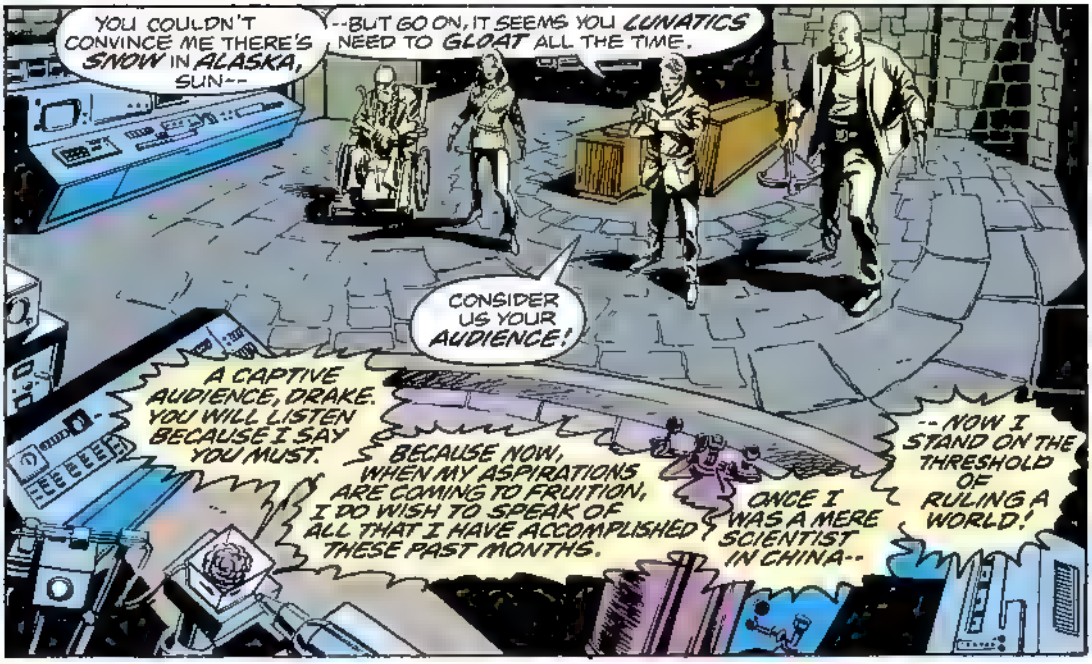

IT LOOKED AS IF DRACULA ENTERED THIS BROWNSTONE -- MAYBE IT'S WHERE HE'S HIDING OUT!
IT'S ALL TOO PAT, FRANK, AND I'M NERVOUS ABOUT IT.
I KNOW, RACHEL, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE--
--WE MAY NOT GET ANOTHER!

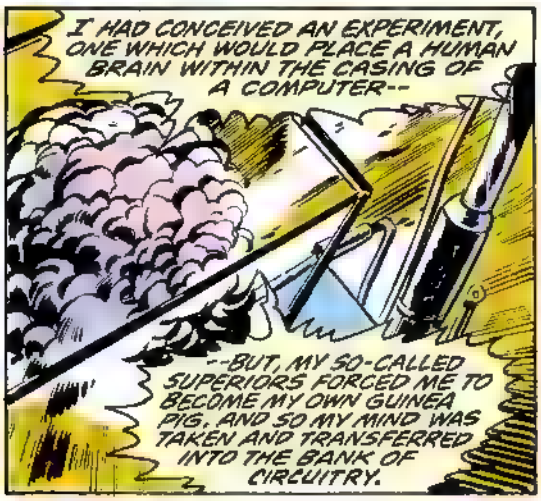

THEY PUSH OPEN A HEAVY OAKEN DOOR, AND ENTER INTO A DARK, CANDLE-LIT ROOM...
WHERE THEY SEE A BLIND MAN SITTING SILENTLY, OBLIVIOUS TO HIS GUESTS, ENJOYING THE SWEET SCENT OF HIS HOOKAH!

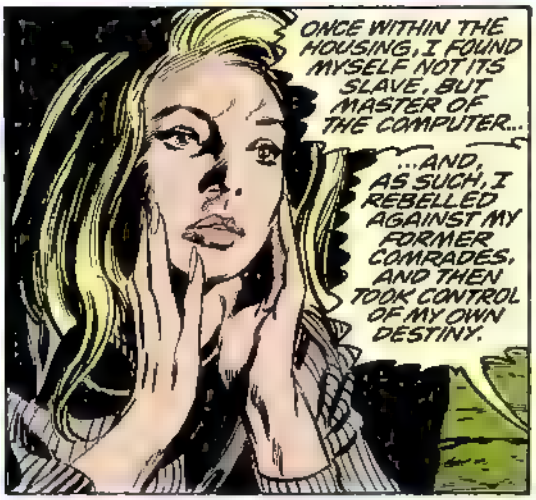
THE MAN PAUSES IN HIS PLEASURE, AND, STILL SILENT, ACKNOWLEDGES THE PRESENCE OF THE THREE VAMPIRE HUNTERS WITH A GESTURE--
--WHICH BRINGS FORTH A SWIRLING, CRIMSON, SMOKE.

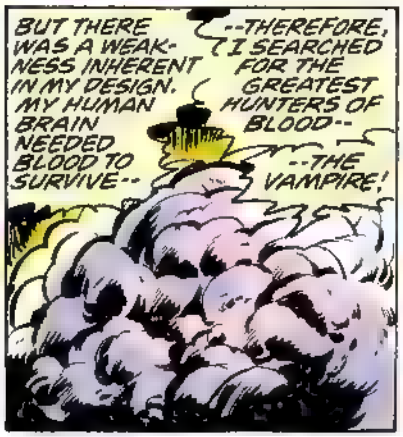
AND WHEN THE MIST CLEARS, THE MAN IS GONE, AND IN HIS PLACE, A SCAR-FACED GIANT STANDS.
COME WITH ME, OR FEEL THE POINT OF THE SILVER STAKE!
JUNO SPEAKS IN AWKWARD ENGLISH AT BEST, BUT HIS WORDS ARE NOT EASILY MISUNDERSTOOD-- OR IGNORED!

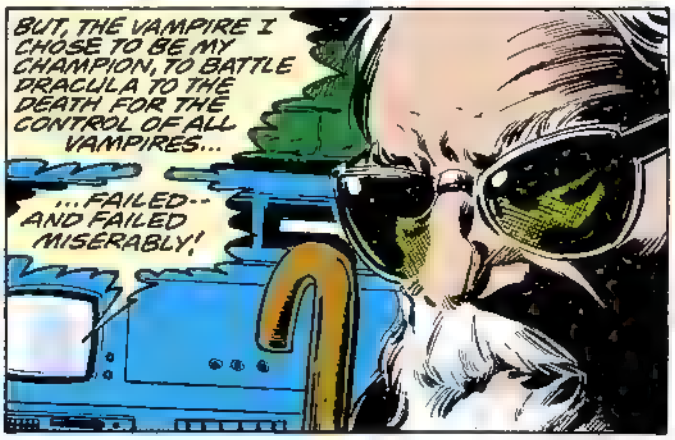

EFFORTLESSLY, THE GIANT LIFTS THE CRIPPLED QUINCY HARKER IN ONE ARM, THE WHEELCHAIR, IN THE OTHER, AND THEN PROCEEDS DOWN A FLIGHT OF WOOD HEWN STEPS...
I'M NOT SO SURE, MR DRAKE-- LOOK ABOUT YOU.
ELECTRONICS IS NOT A TOOL WHICH DRACULA WIELDS.
SILENCE! YOU STAND HERE!
QUINCY! RACHEL! --LOOK!
IT'S--
HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, RACHEL--
DRACULA'S PLAYED US FOR THE FOOL AGAIN.
YOU RECOGNIZE ME, AFTER A YEAR'S TIME. HOW GOOD. AND ALSO HOW GOOD OF YOU TO FOLLOW THE HOLOGRAM IMAGE WHICH LED YOU HERE. IT WAS SIMPLY ANOTHER DISPLAY OF MY POWER... A POWER THAT HOPEFULLY YOU WILL NOT ATTEMPT TO DEFY.
YET, THERE IS NO REASON TO DEFY ME--WE ARE AFTER THE SAME GOAL-- THE DESTRUCTION OF DRACULA!
YEAH, WE MAY WANT THE SAME THING, SUN-- BUT NOT FOR THE SAME REASONS.
SORRY, BUT WE DON'T PLAY BY YOUR RULES.
SAVE THE ARGU-MENTS, FRANK-- I DON'T THINK SUN HAS ANY INTEN-TION OF LISTENING.
VAN HELSING IS CORRECT, DRAKE. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME, YET, YOU MAY ACTUALLY OUT-LIVE THIS MEETING IF YOU DECIDE TO FOLLOW ME.
AND YOU MAY, ONCE YOU HEAR ME THROUGH.

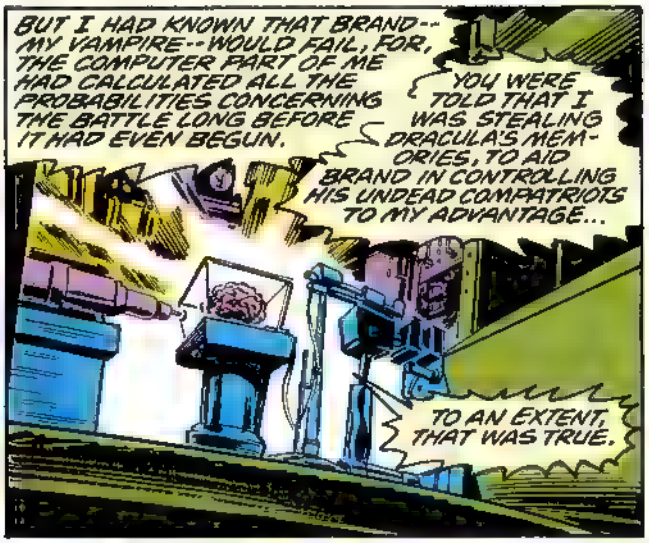

YOU COULDN'T CONVINCE ME THERE'S SNOW IN ALASKA, SUN--
--BUT GO ON, IT SEEMS YOU LUNATICS NEED TO GLOAT ALL THE TIME.
CONSIDER US YOUR AUDIENCE!
A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE, DRAKE. YOU WILL LISTEN BECAUSE I SAY YOU MUST.
BECAUSE NOW, WHEN MY ASPIRATIONS ARE COMING TO FRUITION, I DO WISH TO SPEAK OF ALL THAT I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THESE PAST MONTHS.
ONCE I WAS A MERE SCIENTIST IN CHINA--
--NOW I STAND ON THE THRESHOLD OF RULING A WORLD!

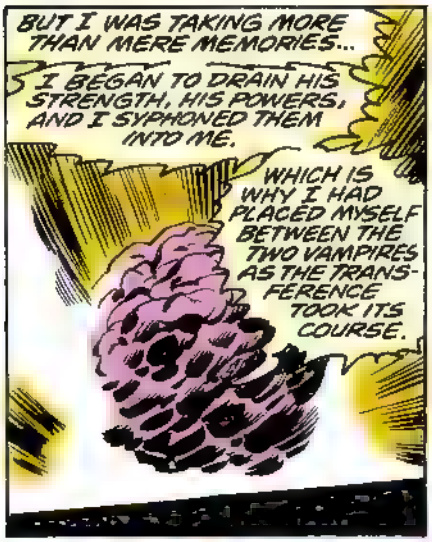

I HAD CONCEIVED AN EXPERIMENT, ONE WHICH WOULD PLACE A HUMAN BRAIN WITHIN THE CASING OF A COMPUTER--
--BUT, MY SO-CALLED SUPERIORS FORCED ME TO BECOME MY OWN GUINEA PIG, AND SO MY MIND WAS TAKEN AND TRANSFERRED INTO THE BANK OF CIRCUITRY.

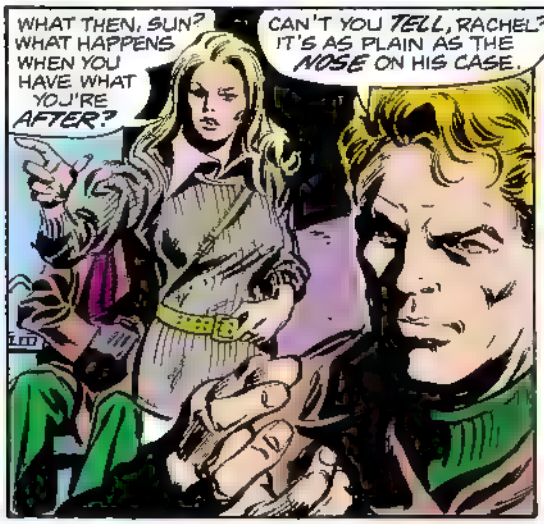

ONCE WITHIN THE HOUSING, I FOUND MYSELF NOT ITS SLAVE, BUT MASTER OF THE COMPUTER...
...AND, AS SUCH, I REBELLED AGAINST MY FORMER COMRADES, AND THEN TOOK CONTROL OF MY OWN DESTINY.

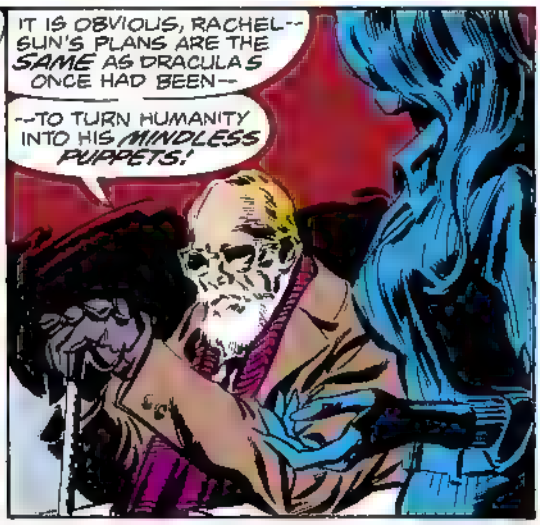

BUT THERE WAS A WEAKNESS INHERENT IN MY DESIGN. MY HUMAN BRAIN NEEDED BLOOD TO SURVIVE--
--THEREFORE, I SEARCHED FOR THE GREATEST HUNTERS OF BLOOD--
--THE VAMPIRE!

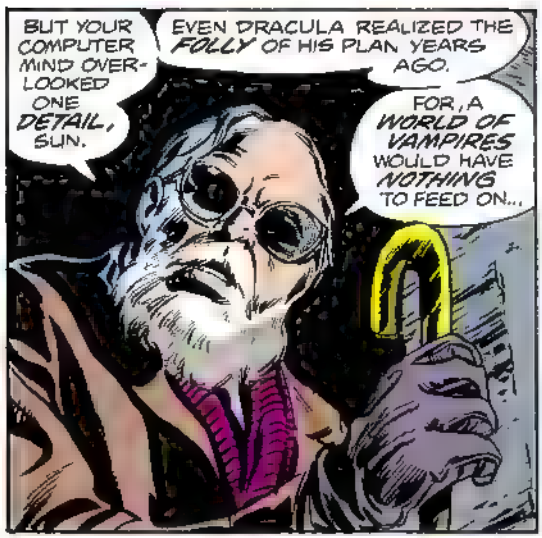

BUT, THE VAMPIRE I CHOSE TO BE MY CHAMPION, TO BATTLE DRACULA TO THE DEATH FOR THE CONTROL OF ALL VAMPIRES...
...FAILED-- AND FAILED MISERABLY!


BUT I HAD KNOWN THAT BRAND--MY VAMPIRE--WOULD FAIL, FOR, THE COMPUTER PART OF ME HAD CALCULATED ALL THE PROBABILITIES CONCERNING THE BATTLE LONG BEFORE IT HAD EVEN BEGUN.
YOU WERE TOLD THAT I WAS STEALING DRACULA'S MEMORIES, TO AID BRAND IN CONTROLLING HIS UNDEAD COMPATRIOTS TO MY ADVANTAGE...
TO AN EXTENT, THAT WAS TRUE.

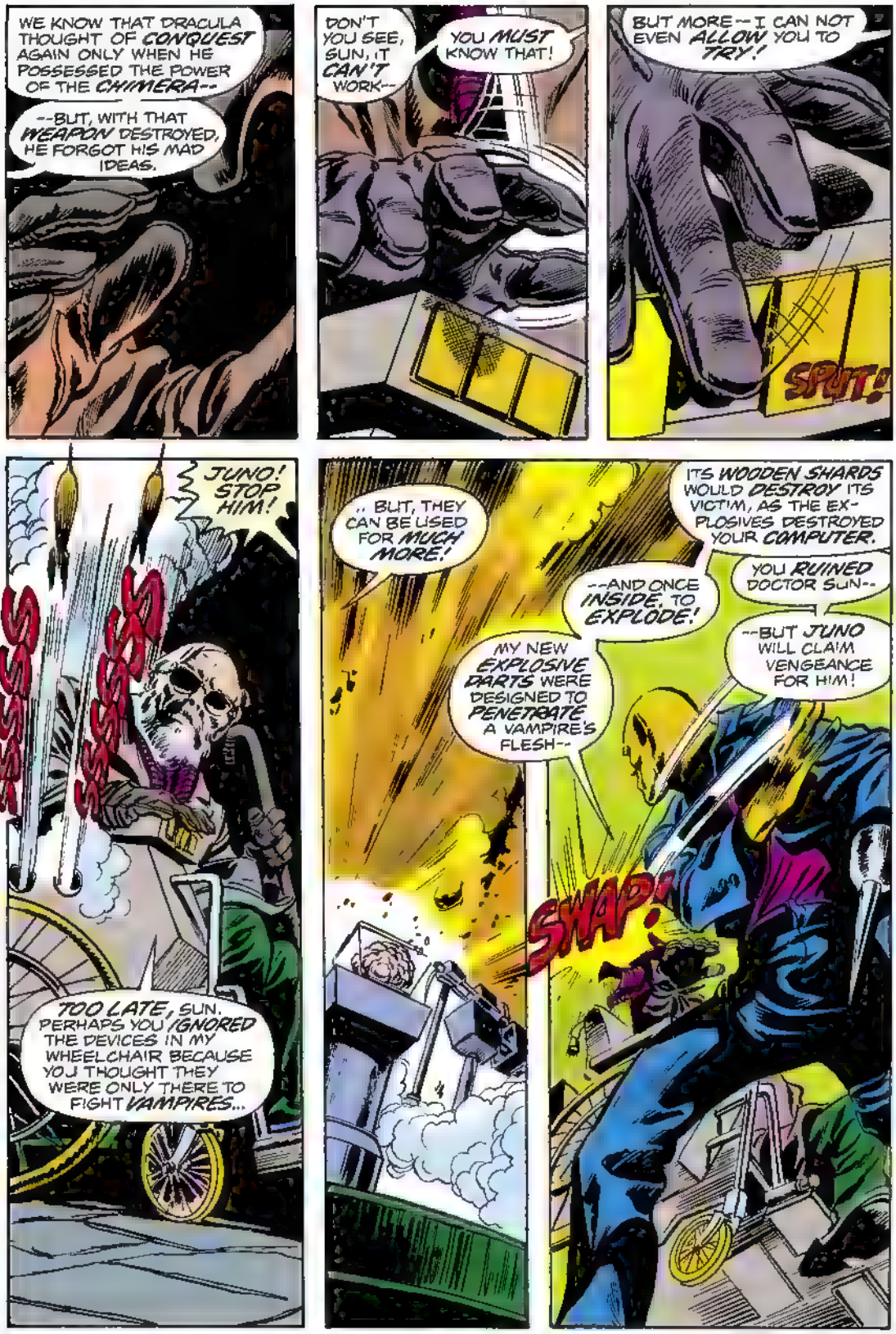

BUT I WAS TAKING MORE THAN MERE MEMORIES...
I BEGAN TO DRAIN HIS STRENGTH, HIS POWERS, AND I SYPHONED THEM INTO ME.
WHICH IS WHY I HAD PLACED MYSELF BETWEEN THE TWO VAMPIRES AS THE TRANSFERENCE TOOK ITS COURSE.


WHAT THEN, SUN? WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HAVE WHAT YOU'RE AFTER?
CAN'T YOU TELL, RACHEL? IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON HIS CASE.

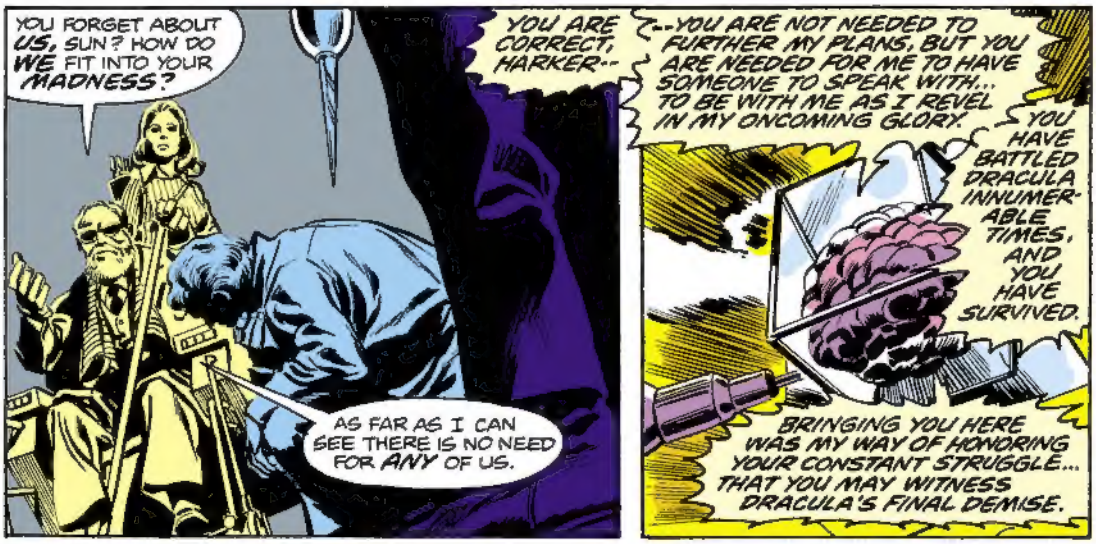

IT IS OBVIOUS, RACHEL--SUN'S PLANS ARE THE SAME AS DRACULA'S ONCE HAD BEEN--
--TO TURN HUMANITY INTO HIS MINDLESS PUPPETS!

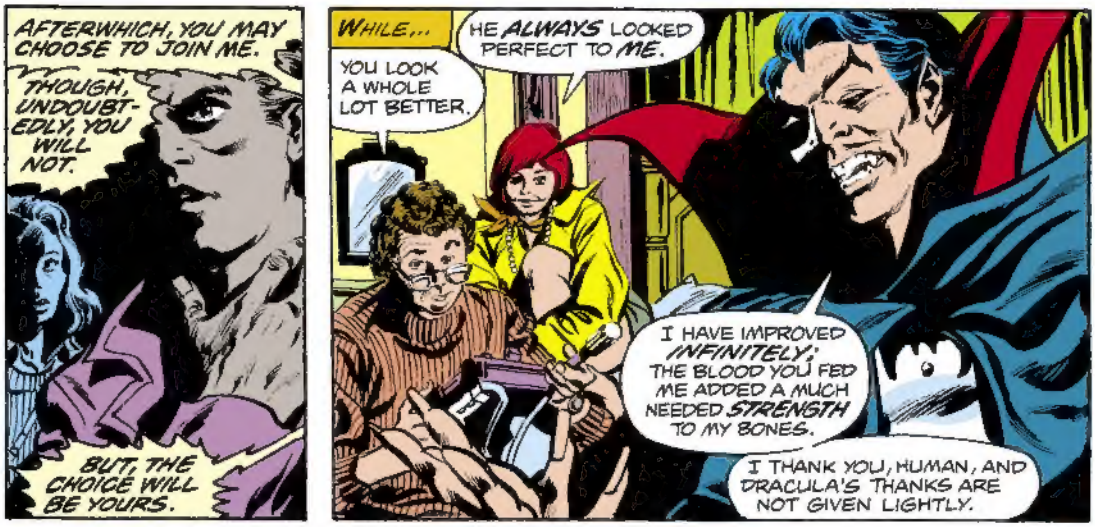

BUT YOUR COMPUTER MIND OVERLOOKED ONE DETAIL, SUN.
EVEN DRACULA REALIZED THE FOLLY OF HIS PLAN YEARS AGO.
FOR, A WORLD OF VAMPIRES WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO FEED ON...

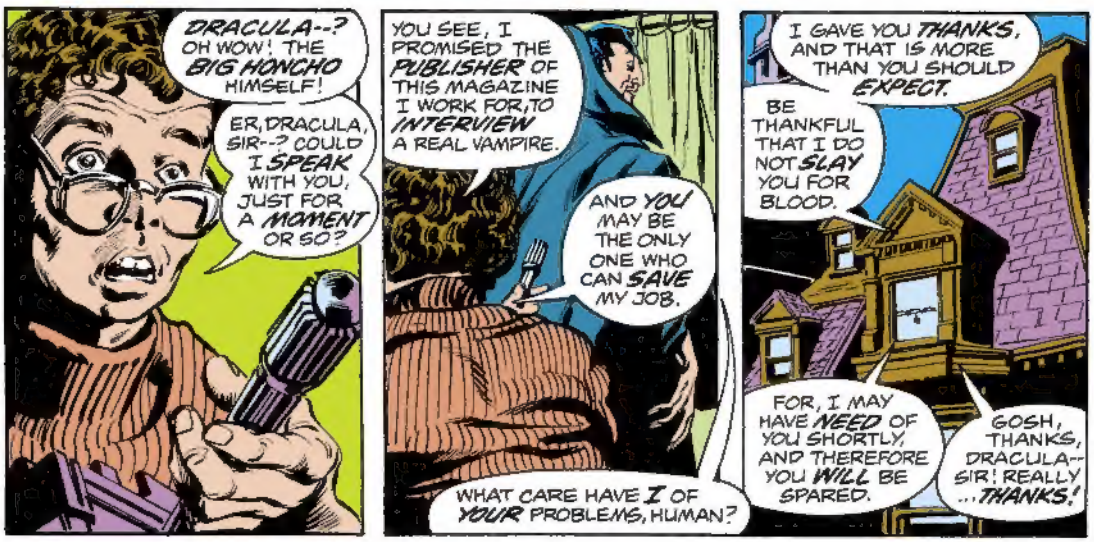
...AND WOULD SLOWLY, YET MOST ASSUREDLY, DESTROY ITSELF


WE KNOW THAT DRACULA THOUGHT OF CONQUEST AGAIN ONLY WHEN HE POSSESSED THE POWER OF THE CHIMERA--
--BUT, WITH THAT WEAPON DESTROYED, HE FORGOT HIS MAD IDEAS.
DON'T YOU SEE, SUN, IT CAN'T WORK--
YOU MUST KNOW THAT!
BUT MORE--I CAN NOT EVEN ALLOW YOU TO TRY!
SPUT!
JUNO! STOP HIM!
SSSS
SSSS
TOO LATE, SUN. PERHAPS YOU IGNORED THE DEVICES IN MY WHEELCHAIR BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE ONLY THERE TO FIGHT VAMPIRES...
.. BUT, THEY CAN BE USED FOR MUCH MORE!
MY NEW EXPLOSIVE DARTS WERE DESIGNED TO PENETRATE A VAMPIRE'S FLESH--
--AND ONCE INSIDE, TO EXPLODE!
ITS WOODEN SHARDS WOULD DESTROY ITS VICTIM, AS THE EXPLOSIVES DESTROYED YOUR COMPUTER.
YOU RUINED DOCTOR SUN--
--BUT JUNO WILL CLAIM VENGEANCE FOR HIM!
SWAP!

NOT SO FAST, BALDY--
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE ME ON, BEFORE YOU GO AFTER A HELPLESS CRIPPLE.
YOU WISH IT THAT WAY--
--THEN YOU SHALL HAVE IT THAT WAY.
OOOFF!
THERE WILL BE NO WAY FOR YOU TO STOP ME FROM KILLING THE OLD MAN--
--FOR YOU WILL BE LONG DEAD...
...AND YOUR FLESH WILL BE ROTTING IN ITS GRAVE!
BETTER DO YOUR BEST, BALDY, 'CAUSE IF YOU FLUB THIS, I'M COMIN' BACK TO HAUNT YOU!
ENOUGH! HARKER AND HIS CLAN MUST NOT DIE...
RELEASE HIS FOOLISH PROTECTOR!
AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR SUN. I HAD THOUGHT YOU SLAIN.
HARKER'S ACTIONS HAVE NOT TERMINATED MY FUNCTIONS, BUT THEY HAVE DESTROYED THE UNIT WHICH WAS DRAINING DRACULA'S POWERS.
NO MATTER, THAT HAD ALREADY BEEN FORESEEN, THOUGH I HAD WISHED TO PREVENT THE DELAY IN ACTION.
ALL PLANS NEED A NECESSARY SECONDARY PLAN. YOU, JUNO, ARE MINE.
I HAD YOU BROUGHT HERE FROM CHINA TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE SHOULD ANYTHING STOP THE SYPHONING PROCESS.
NOW, YOU WILL HAVE THE CHANCE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME...
...OR, TO DIE IN THE TRYING!


YOU FORGET ABOUT US, SUN? HOW DO WE FIT INTO YOUR MADNESS?
AS FAR AS I CAN SEE THERE IS NO NEED FOR ANY OF US.
YOU ARE CORRECT, HARKER--
--YOU ARE NOT NEEDED TO FURTHER MY PLANS, BUT YOU ARE NEEDED FOR ME TO HAVE SOMEONE TO SPEAK WITH... TO BE WITH ME AS I REVEL IN MY ONCOMING GLORY.
YOU HAVE BATTLED DRACULA INNUMERABLE TIMES, AND YOU HAVE SURVIVED.
BRINGING YOU HERE WAS MY WAY OF HONORING YOUR CONSTANT STRUGGLE... THAT YOU MAY WITNESS DRACULA'S FINAL DEMISE.


AFTERWHICH, YOU MAY CHOOSE TO JOIN ME.
THOUGH, UNDOUBTEDLY, YOU WILL NOT.
BUT, THE CHOICE WILL BE YOURS.
WHILE...
HE ALWAYS LOOKED PERFECT TO ME.
YOU LOOK A WHOLE LOT BETTER.
I HAVE IMPROVED INFINITELY; THE BLOOD YOU FED ME ADDED A MUCH NEEDED STRENGTH TO MY BONES.
I THANK YOU, HUMAN, AND DRACULA'S THANKS ARE NOT GIVEN LIGHTLY.


DRACULA--? OH WOW! THE BIG HONCHO HIMSELF!
ER, DRACULA, SIR--? COULD I SPEAK WITH YOU, JUST FOR A MOMENT OR SO?
YOU SEE, I PROMISED THE PUBLISHER OF THIS MAGAZINE I WORK FOR, TO INTERVIEW A REAL VAMPIRE.
AND YOU MAY BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE MY JOB.
WHAT CARE HAVE I OF YOUR PROBLEMS, HUMAN?
I GAVE YOU THANKS, AND THAT IS MORE THAN YOU SHOULD EXPECT.
BE THANKFUL THAT I DO NOT SLAY YOU FOR BLOOD.
FOR, I MAY HAVE NEED OF YOU SHORTLY, AND THEREFORE YOU WILL BE SPARED.
GOSH, THANKS, DRACULA--SIR! REALLY ...THANKS!

YET, I NEED SOME MORE TIME TO GARNER ALL MY ABILITIES BEFORE HUNTING DOCTOR SUN ONCE AGAIN.
PERHAPS I SHALL CONSENT TO YOUR FOOLISHNESS.
IT MAY PROVE TO BE AMUSING.
HE'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S REALLY GONNA DO IT.
I'M SO PROUD FOR YOU, HAROLD.
BUT, ARE YOU SURE VAMPIRES CAN BE TAPE RECORDED?
AFTER ALL, THEY CAN'T BE PHOTO-GRAPHED!
CHARMING, YOUNG GIRL. NAÏVE, BUT STILL MOST CHARMING.
WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN AN IMMORTAL EXISTENCE, MY DEAR--?
I WOULD MOST GRACIOUSLY AID IN THAT END IF YOU WISH.
DOCTOR SUN DEMANDS YOUR PRESENCE, DRACULA!
YOU WILL DO NOTHING.
YOU WILL COME WITH ME, OR DIE!
HOLY JUMPING TURTLE WAX--!?!

WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON HERE?
CAN'T A GUY EVEN INTERVIEW A VAMPIRE WITHOUT SOMEONE DISTURBING HIM ANYMORE?
I'D COOL IT IF I WERE YOU, HAROLD. THAT GUY LOOKS REAL MEAN!
HAVE NO FEAR, YOUNG LADY--YOU'LL NOT BE HARMED, NOR WILL YOUR ODD-LOOKING FRIEND.
AS FOR YOU, CRETIN, NEVER THREATEN DRACULA AGAIN--
--OR, YOU MAY NOT FIND HIM IN SUCH A FORGIVING MOOD FOR A SECOND TIME.
AS IT IS, I HAVE DESIRE TO SEE YOUR MASTER, TAKE ME TO HIM.
I DON'T CARE HOW YOU FEEL, DRACULA.
BUT YOU SHALL OBEY DOCTOR SUN'S COMMANDS.
I TOLD YOU, DOLT--I LISTEN TO NO MAN.
BUT LEAD ME TO SUN, AND I WILL FOLLOW.
AURORA--?
YEAH, HAROLD?
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.
DON'T BE A SILLY GOOSE, HAROLD. YOU'LL BE FINE.
AT LEAST AS FINE AS YOU'VE EVER BEEN.
NOW, C'MON--WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THEM IF WE WANT TO HELP DRACULA.
WHO SAID I WANT TO HELP HIM? SHOW ME WHERE I EVER SAID THAT!

SHORTLY...
WELCOME TO MY HOME, DRACULA--
--IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO COME...
...ESPECIALLY AS YOU SHALL NEVER BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE!
BETTER BELIEVE THE GOOD DOCTOR, DRACOPHILES, 'CAUSE WE'VE BEEN FORCED TO TITLE OUR NEXT ISSUE: THE DEATH OF DRACULA?
AND THIS TIME, THERE'S NO WAY TO SAVE HIM!